

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

VOLUME 5—NUMBER 200.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., APRIL 13, 1864.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.
Published every Wednesday.
BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$5 \$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1sq	2sq	3sq	4sq	1col	1col
1 w'k.	50¢	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00
2 w'ks.	75¢	1.50	2.25	3.00	3.75	4.50
3 w'ks.	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00
1 mo.	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00
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3 mo.	7.50	15.00	22.50	30.00	37.50	45.00
6 mo.	15.00	30.00	45.00	60.00	75.00	90.00
1 year.	30.00	60.00	90.00	120.00	150.00	180.00

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Job Printing.

All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and dispatch.

Patrons are respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive attention, must be addressed to the Publishers.
J. & J. W. BARNES, PUBLISHERS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

George G. Lovell, County Treasurer,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Peter Van Den Berg, County Clerk
and Register of Deeds, Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

Robert W. Duncan, Circuit Court
Commissioner, Grand Haven, Mich.

William H. Parks, Prosecuting Attorney,
Grand Haven, Mich.

George Eastman, County Surveyor,
Eastmanville, Mich.

J. H. Sanford, Deputy County Surveyor,
Wright P. O., Ottawa Co., Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Dwight Cutler, Dealer in General
Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain,
Lumber, Shingles, Lath, &c. Water street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision
Merchant, Washington Street, Grand
Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the
Victor Mills, Tallmadge, dealer in Merchandise,
Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and
Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa
County, Michigan.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each month. Office at the Court
House, Grand Haven.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in
Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike,
Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's
Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and
Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short
notice. Corner of Washington and First sts.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure
Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Genteel Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
2d door below the Drug Store.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles,
Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Ma-
chines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all
kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agri-
cultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand
Rapids, Mich.

CONCENTRATED POTASH!

At twenty-five cents per Can, which, with
a half dozen pounds of grease, you can
make fifteen gallons of Good Soap. Sold at
GRiffin's Drugstore.
pril, 25, '63 (2134)

Get a Sewing Machine!

Whoever intends to purchase a good Family
Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to
call at the News Office. We can furnish them
at all times upon the most advantageous terms.
PROPRIETORS OF THE NEWS.

SPRING.

A greenness light and tender
Reclines each field and plain—
It is the new year's gladness
Returning once again.

It is the spring so welcome
After chill winter's way,
Bidding each sorrow vanish,
And every heart be gay.

I too awake from dreaming,
For oh! I look on thee!
So is my winter over
And spring revives in me.

The Foiled Burglar.

The Messrs. P.—& Co., keep a large
jewelry store on Washington street, Boston,
and for the better security of their
store against fire, and other casualties,
they employ one of their clerks to sleep
in it at night. The idea of the store be-
ing attacked by robbers was not for a mo-
ment entertained but it was for other ob-
jects that young Loring, the clerk, slept
there, for he was not supplied with any
weapons to repel an attack of thieves. But
one dark, dreary night he was awak-
ened by a singular noise which resembled
that which a party of burglars might pro-
duce in an attempt to enter the building,
and looking towards the back windows,
he soon fully satisfied himself that one
or more persons were endeavoring to ef-
fect, as quietly as possible, an entrance at
that quarter. They had already removed
a part of the sash and shutters with
their cunning devised instruments, and
must have been at work some time be-
fore he was awakened.

Now young Loring regretted that he
had no weapon, but not through fear—
that was not the character of the young
gentleman—but that he might pepper
the rogues a little. At first he was de-
termined to cry out and arouse the watch;
but as they had advanced so far before
he awoke he thought he would drive them
off by stratagem. He slipped on his
clothes quietly and approached the spot
where the thieves were busy; he saw the
hand of one of them pass inside of the
shutter into the store, in its owner's en-
deavors to guide a small hand saw, with
which he was cutting an aperture for
the body to pass through.

Young Loring felt inclined to chop off
the hand with a small hatchet that lay
hard by, but he refrained, and bethought
himself of a powerful preparation of caustic
vitriol, and other penetrating stuffs
that were used in the testing of silver and
other metals. One drop of this would eat
instantly into the flesh and produce a
poisonous sore in ten minutes' time. He
cautiously dropped a little upon the bur-
glar's hand and awaited the result.

"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar
to his comrade, "I've a cursed burning
on the back of my hand. It's so sore I
can hardly work the saw. Phew! how
it smarts. I guess I've cut it with the
saw. Hold the dark lantern here."

"Fudge!" replied his companion.—
"Change hands, then, put don't stop."
"Take the saw yourself then. I can't
stand this pain."

And while the discomfited burglar with-
drew to groan over the supposed cut, the
other took his place with the saw, and in
a moment after he received a few drops
of the fiery liquid upon the back of his
hand and was groaning with agony.

"Curse this saw, it has cut me too!"
groaned the second thief.

And sundry oaths, mutually exchang-
ed until the worst attack of pain was over,
they renewed the attempt to make an en-
trance.

The clerk permitted them to go on a
while uninterrupted, knowing that at any
time he could stop their efforts by crying
out, but he hoped to hear some watchman
passing the front of the store, upon whom
he could call to secure the rogues, and re-
solved to wait for this until it would do
to wait no longer. But soon the burglars
had so much enlarged the hole, that they
would shortly be able to enter it them-
selves.

Seeing that he must do something to
stop them, the clerk crept into the dark
closet at one side of the window, and ut-
tered a fierce but low growl in imitation
of a dog. Both of the rogues stepped
back at this unexpected interruption.

"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in
there! I didn't know that P.—& Co.
kept one," said one to the other.

"A dog!—that's bad! Curse 'em, if
it was a man, why, a shot or a dirk stroke
would fix him; but a dog is quite another
thing, for if we shoot him, he would be
sure to half kill one of us."

"Bow, wow, bow!" cried the clerk, as

he saw them preparing to resume their
work.

"Confound the dog," exclaimed both.
"Never mind; go ahead, Bill and get
it open now. I'll fix him when we get
in."

The burglar addressed as Bill, thrust
his hand in once more to wrench off the
last piece of wood that obstructed their
entrance, when the clerk, having already
armed himself with a large pair of pinch-
ers, seized the robber's hand as though in
a vice, and set up such an outrageous
barking that the whole neighborhood was
alarmed.

"For heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a
hand here; the cursed animal is biting
my hand off!" said the burglar to his con-
federate.

"Pull it away—pull it away, quick!"
"I can't."

"Give it a jerk!" said the other.

"O-o-o! I can't! Murder, murder!"

This cry, added to the bellowing of the
supposed dog, soon brought the police in
good earnest, and the thief who was at
liberty to do so, ran for his life. The po-
liceman's lights showed Bill Sikes that
he had been bitten by a pair of pinchers!
He passed five years of his life in State
prison for the crime of coveting other peo-
ple's property.

CURIOUS DETECTION OF A CRIMINAL.

Not long ago there occurred, in Prussia,
one of those cases of detection of crime by
scientific means which interest a large and
intelligent class of readers. A quantity of
gold, packed in boxes, was dispatched by
a railway train. On arrival at its destina-
tion it was discovered that the gold had
been stolen from some of the boxes, which
were refilled with sand to make up for the
deficient weight. Measures were at once
taken for the discovery of the thief, and
that no chance might be lost, Professor
Ehrenberg was requested to make a mi-
croscopic examination of the sand. The
Professor (who is a member of the Acad-
emy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for
his researches into minute objects, and his
comparison of volcanic dust from all parts
of the world) asked that a quantity of
sand from every station by which the
train had passed should be sent to him.
Examining these, one after another, he
at last came to a sand which was identi-
cal with that found in the gold boxes.—
The name of the station whence this sand
had been collected was known, inquiries
were set on foot at that station, and
among the persons there employed the
thief was detected. The incident is one
which an expert novel-writer might make
use of with effect.

WHAT WE ARE WORTH.—The entire
value of land and other property in the
United States is estimated at \$6,000,000-
000. We have contracted a debt of \$2,-
000,000,000, within the period of three
years. Mr. Chase has asked of the pres-
ent Congress appropriations to the
amount of \$800,000,000, and other ex-
penditures will swell that sum to \$1,000,-
000,000, hence at the end of the present
fiscal year, one half of the property in the
United States of every description will
have been expended by the Government
at Washington. The debt of England is
a little over \$4,000,000,000, the value of
property of every description is \$30,000,-
000,000; in other words, the debt of the
United States, at the end of 1864, will
have risen to one-half of the value of the
country while the debt of England is only
about one-eighth of the real wealth of
the country.—Pittsburg Post.

A NEW DISEASE.—The Dunkirk
Journal says that "a strange disease is
prevailing in the town of Evans, Erie co.,
and perhaps in other sections of the coun-
ty, which has produced considerable alarm
in consequence of its supposed resem-
blance to small pox. It is said to be un-
questionably contagious, going through
entire families and neighborhoods, where-
ever it makes its appearance. It mani-
fests itself in the form of eruptions on the
skin, which, however does not seem to
penetrate below the cuticle, or upper skin,
and seldom proves fatal, though handling
its victims with considerable severity at
times. In the treatment of the disease
stimulants should be avoided. Those
acquainted with the small pox easily dis-
tinguish it from that disease."

LEMBERING AT SAGINAW.—During the
season just closed there has been 225,-
000,000 feet of logs got out and hauled
to the mills on Saginaw river and its
tributaries. Snow is said to be now eight-
teen inches deep near the head waters of
the Tittabawassee, a branch of the Sagi-
naw river.—Grand Rapids Eagle, 6th.

Economy in a Family.

There is nothing which goes so far to-
ward placing young people beyond the
reach of poverty as economy in the man-
agement of household affairs. It matters
not whether a man furnishes little or
much for his family, if there is a contin-
ual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it
runs away he knows not how, and the
demon Waste cries, More! like the horse-
leech's daughter, until he that provided
has no more to give. It is a husband's
duty to bring into the house; and it is
the duty of the wife to see that none goes
wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife
to look after his affairs, and to assist him
in his journey through life; to educate
and prepare their children for a proper
station in life, and not dissipate his prop-
erty. The husband's interest should be the
wife's care, and her greatest ambition to
carry her no farther than this welfare or
happiness, together with that of her chil-
dren! This should be her sole aim, and
the theater of her exploits in the bosom of
her family, where she may do as much
towards making a fortune as he can in
the counting-house or workshop.

It is not money earned that makes a
man wealthy—it is what he saves of
his earnings. Self-gratification in dress,
or indulgence in appetite, or more com-
pany than his purse can entertain, are
equally pernicious. The first adds vani-
ty to extravagance; the second fastens a
doctor's bill to a long butcher's account;
and the latter keeps intemperance—the
worst of all evils—in its train.

PORK.—A few months since a hun-
dred persons sat down at a festive cele-
bration in the Harts mountains, Germany,
where pork in various forms was the prin-
cipal food. Of these, eighty persons are in
their graves, and of the remainder, the
majority linger with a fearful malady.—
This strange event has led to the discov-
ery that this food was charged with flesh
worms in all stages of development or
trichina, found in the muscular tissues of
the survivors and traced to the pork. These
flesh worms are not killed by ordi-
nary cooking, and multiply rapidly by
thousands. A great alarm exists in Ger-
many, and the eating of pork in many
places is now entirely abandoned.

PRINTING OFFICE RULES—THE VERY LATEST:

1. Enter softly.
 2. Sit down quietly.
 3. Don't inquire for the news.
 4. Subscribe for the paper.
 5. Read the news for yourself.
 6. Don't touch the poker.
 7. Engage in no controversy.
 8. Keep six feet from the table.
 9. Hands off the type.
 10. Don't talk to the compositors.
 11. Eyes off the manuscript.
- By a strict observance to these rules,
you will greatly oblige the printer, and
need not fear the devil.

AN English paper says Professor New-
manger, on a three years' scientific visit
from Bavaria to Australia, tells us that
in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to
endanger this our earth, and should it not
attach itself to us (as one globe of quick-
silver to another), nor annihilate us, the
sight will be most beautiful to behold.—
During three nights we shall have no
darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant
light of the blazing train! The Professor
was leaving Australia, so that we may
hear more of this on his reaching Eu-
rope.

A sad calamity befel the Dutch city of
Rotterdam last month. The Schilland
Palace—the museum and picture gallery
in one—of the town was discovered to be
in flames, and though every exertion was
made to arrest their progress and to save
the works of art from ruin, the endeavors
were unsuccessful. The greater portion of
the collection, which was said to be the
finest in the country, was totally de-
stroyed.

The great fair was opened in New York
on Monday—the hotels have advanced
their prices for board to five dollars per
diem during the fair, butter included. It
is expected that the Sanitary Commission
will receive nearly two millions of dollars
from the generous New Yorkers.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A malignant
shoddy "patriot," in Scott County, In-
diana, has been compelled to pay \$300
damages and costs, by a jury of men
composed of all parties, for calling a dem-
ocrat "a disloyal traitor."

The Wheat Crop—Prospects of the Coming Crop in Michigan.

Our readers are aware that apprehen-
sions have been felt and expressed in dif-
ferent parts of the State with regard to
the prospects of our coming wheat crop
in Michigan. It is seldom that so many
complaints have been heard. These we
are forced to believe are not altogether the
idle croakings of the farmers, a class it
must be admitted, who are prone to look
upon the dark side, and indulge in fears
with regard to the safety of their crops,
when trouble borrowed in this way is
quite unnecessary. We have been in-
clined to look upon these complaints with
many grains of allowance, but finally
have been compelled, from personal ex-
amination and observation, and from in-
formation that we get from a large list of
correspondents, extending through nearly
every county in the State, to admit that
the prospects of the coming wheat crop
in this State are not of the most encour-
aging character. It is perhaps pretty
early yet in the season to judge of the
coming crop, but all appearances are
not deceiving. We know the effect of
warm, spring rains, and genial suns, and
refreshing dews; but we also know that
when the wheat is absolutely dead, win-
ter killed at the roots, no amount of rain
and sunshine will again bring it to life.
The hard freezing, with alternate thawing
in December and January, and the ab-
sence of snow during nearly the whole
winter season, especially in the eastern
part of the State, with the roots of the
plant unprotected, has caused the wheat
to pretty generally "winter kill." By
generally, we mean that nearly every
wheat field is more or less injured. Some
estimate that the crop will be reduced to
one-half that of previous years; others,
including the most sanguine, do not think
we can have over two-thirds of a crop.—
The present injury and blight to the
wheat prospects have resulted, in a great
measure, by late sowing. This was done
to avoid the depredations of the fly; but
the plant, in avoiding the rocks of Scylla,
has been swallowed up in the whirlpool
of Charybdis; in other words, by trying
to escape the fly by late sowing, our farm-
ers have invoked the vengeance of dire
winter upon the roots of the wheat plant,
it being unprotected by a growth of leaves.

The eastern part of the State has ex-
perienced the effects of winter killing to a
greater degree than any other. The many
almost totally barren fields in some por-
tions of Wayne county, in Oakland, Gen-
esee and Saginaw counties are visible wit-
nesses of the damage received. Our ad-
vices from the central portion of the State
are rather more encouraging, while our
correspondents in the western portion of
State are still more confident and hopeful.
In the heavy wheat producing counties
of St. Joseph, Branch, Hillsdale and Len-
awee, and generally through the south-
ern portion of the State, we are assured
that from a fair to average crop is expect-
ed. The breadth of surface sown last
fall will probably fall a little short of the
previous year, though those best infor-
med generally place it upon a fair average
of those of previous years. Scarcity and
the high price of labor have compelled in
some portions of the State a rather loose
method of farming, at least not up to the
prime of Michigan style, which doubtless
accounts to some extent for the present
condition of some of the wheat fields.—
Det. Free Press, March 8th.

BUGS.—As the season of bugs ap-
proaches, says the Cincinnati Times, it
will be well to bear in mind the advice of
the Country Gentleman. Persons not
desirous of being carried out of the world
by bugs, will be glad to learn that they
can't stand hot alum water. Take two
pounds of alum, bruise it, and reduce it
to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of
water; let it remain in a warm place till
the alum is dissolved. The alum water
is to be applied hot by means of a brush
to every joint and crevice. Brush the
crevices in the floor of the places, white-
wash the ceiling, putting in plenty of alu-
m, and there will be an end to their
dropping thence.

Is the town of Marey, Oneida county,
on Saturday evening last, a lady named
Hutchinson, and her daughter, were so
badly burned by the explosion of a kero-
sene lamp that they died in a few hours.

A MAN came into a printing office to
beg a paper. "Because" said he, "we
like to read newspapers very much, but
our neighbors are all too stingy to take
one."